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O friends, brother dealers, how flames it! just now,  
What ardour, what glow!

The world is a market,  
The wheel, the wheel turns.  
The life flames and flickers,  
It crackles and burns.

Burn, burn! you will cool before long, Mr. Jew!  
Of wood and of iron you seek to make sure,  
Of silk and of velvet and wares not a few.  
Nor would I neglect, O my friend, were I you,  
A piece of white linen ere long to secure.  
The hammer is sounding, the saw gives a drone,  
Four boards—and inside them he's shut in, alone.  
And now from the fair he drives home—a last time!  
Come quickly, shamashim, and heap on the mould . . .  
O Jews, it is cold there, I tell you, 'tis cold!  
How like you my rhyme?

### SAND AND STARS.

SHINES the moon, the stars are glowing,  
The night sweeps on o'er hill and plain.  
In the tattered book before me,  
I read, and read them o'er again,

Ancient words of promise holy,  
And loud, at last, they speak to me:  
"As the stars of heav'n—my people—  
And as the sand beside the sea!"

Lord Almighty, thou hast spoken,  
Unchanging is thy holy will,  
Ev'rything as thou commandest  
His own appointed place shall fill.

Yes, dear Lord, we're sand and pebbles,  
We're scattered, underfoot are trod;  
But the stars, the bright, the sparkling,  
The stars, the stars—where are they, God? . . .

### THE FIDDLE.

Good morrow, my masters, my fiddle and I  
Before you make bold to appear.  
(Come, fiddle-strings, children, be merry, I pray!)

A song will it please you to hear?

May-be, sirs, you know that a bantling to-day  
Was born to Salomith, the wife  
Of Veitel the fiddler—the stars have foretold  
A long and a prosperous life.

He's swaddled and dandled and fed and caressed,  
They kiss his wee hands and his feet.  
The fiddler-chick grows, why, an inch to a day!  
(Sing, fiddle-strings, gaily and sweet!)

And out of his cradle the fiddler-chick creeps,  
He walks and he talks, and to-day  
He toddles to school, to the Rabbi he goes.  
(Oh, hark how I merrily play!)

He learns aleph—beth, and the Pentateuch reads,  
The Talmud—in study is wrapt;  
And now he's "bar-mitsvah," he's twelve years old—  
(twang!  
What was it? a fiddle-string snap!)

And day follows day still, and week follows week,  
The months and the years, how they flee!  
The fiddler-chick, praised be the name of the Lord!  
A man and a bridegroom is he.